Dear Joan and Jim,

Box 486, Carmel Valley, Ca. 93924
Dec. 9th, 1973

(Harper has made copies of this below for me. I simply could not write it by hand.)

As you may know, Ralph Geddie has been and is having much surgery (several operations) and many weeks at the Stanford hospital, with mounting bills beyond what any insurance covers. I am one of three concerned friends who are each writing to some of Francois and Ralph's friends to tell them of a chance all of us have to be of REAL use, here at this especially needful time that just happens to coincide with the sharing season of Christmas.

Simply put, this is what we're doing: getting together whatever anyone wishes to send to any one of the three of us who know of this mounting need, in order then to turn over the amount contributed, which will certainly help to some extent, and in addition will ease some of the anxiety and will reassure Ralph of the combined goodwill and good wishes we all have, beyond just the words all of us have spoken. If you'd like to share something, whatever amount you wish (small or large, and the amounts are not disclosed to Ralph anyway), your name will be listed with all who give to this Christmas-time-Ralph-Geddis gift, and will be presented to him up at Stanford hospital if he is not well enough even by Christmas to come home. Most of us know of the recent operations and of further explorations now underway.

Make any check to me, Eve Brown, and I will convert all I receive into cash (as each of the two other concerned friends are doing) and the total will be given to Ralph with all our names (not amounts); and you can imagine what a morale builder this will be.

Lovingly — Eve

Eve Tartar (Brown)
Box 486, Carmel Valley, Calif. 93924

$50.
Contributed. Rec. 17.1973.

140 East 63rd Street
New York 21.

January 15-1961.

Jane, dear; Such a lovely Christmas surprise - And what a sensitive perfect tribute to your wonderful mother. She herself speaks thro' the beautiful clear phrasing, while your own Preface brings again the delightful familiarity of your both. Your gift card implies pleasant surprises with these new names attached to your own. If can mean only one thing - that you are married and have a child. How I should enjoy hearing about those

most commendable proceedings.

Lee and I often speak of our La Osa days together with you and your mother. The one at that mountain gold-mine owned by that remarkable pioneer who later wrote the amusing little book, "Cow By the Tail." Another day, too, when just you and I spent it with Mrs. Ronstadt at their ranch, and you painted a lovely sketch of an old barn.

Your work has grown very delicate and expressive — I saw your Random House illustrations — most beautiful.

You wouldn't see much change in Lee, for which

I am grateful. She has recently acquired her "dream house" and they are all absorbed with it. It's a red brick, Georgian house with lovely grounds, and still on the same street - (200 Scarborough) as her former home. Her two daughters are now twenty-one and sixteen.

I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am for sending me this rare expression of your dear mother's talents. Come east, Jean, with your new family, and let us reminisce and catch up with each other again. Meantime: every good wish to you all -

Affectionately -

Annetta Telfer (Mrs. Andrew)

Aug 4th

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Dickie

The Murray family thanks you for your kind letter to my mother. I am answering for her as she is in Paris for the month with my brother

John. We hope she will get a well deserved rest as the last months were long and difficult although my dear father was never in any pain.

With many thanks,
Lorraine Murray Thackery

Feg Murray - cartoonist

Mrs. Murray's father was Herbert Hoover's Quaker minister. Feg was Jim's friend - gave him an old Robert L. Dickey dog cartoon - original

DODY WESTON THOMPSON
10520 Blythe Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. 90064

Dear Jean –

I will be in Carmel on
the weekend beginning
Friday, February the 15th,
as you see from the enclosed;
could we have our "talk"
about Edward that Saturday
or Sunday?
I'll be staying with Rosario
& K.C. Mazzeo in the Highlands
(624-7014) where you can
leave a message or reach me.
I look forward to seeing
you both.

Dody

P.S. In addition to your other thoughts,

I'd be grateful if you indicated any conclusions you may have about Edward's portraiture.

Mrs. Walter Sheldon Tower

Dear Jean + Jim: Please excuse
my delay in replying to your
lovely invitation. This has
been a busy mixed up week.
I shall be most happy to
come to your Garden Party for
Dr + Mrs Madden & Mrs Cetron
on Sunday. Thank you for
including me: It will be
delightful, I know.

Love

Edith T.

Welcome

November 27, 1964

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tower
P. O. Box 3515
Carmel, California

Dear Edith and Walter:

It has been a long time since we have telephoned or written. Jim and I went to New York on business and he has secured a splendid agent for his book. We didn't stay long, and after I returned I went back again on the big plane to Chicago and then to Iowa for Mr. Hoover's services.

I am writing to tell you that Jim and I have moved from the point to your part of the world. Our new address is:

Ford and Story Roads
Carmel Valley, California 93924
Telephone: 659-4077

We are on a sunny slope back of the Village in a charming house with a beautiful view. I have a new studio and James is near his. We have a happy, carefree and concentrated life. Aunt Regula knew this was coming on for some time, since it is impossible to keep up the point without at least two servants. Beautiful as it is, it is an enormous drain for two artists who wa nt to concentrate on their work. The inspiration will remain with us. When we are really settled, we'll give you a ring and hope to show you our new quarters.

We do hope you are both well and send you our love.

November 7. 1970

Cherry Chase, Md

Dear Jean (and Jane),

I thought of you when I went yesterday to see the fine exhibit of Mary Cassatt's paintings & drawings at the National Gallery. It was an unusually large showing, derived principally from private owner's portrait loans as well as from museums like Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, Chicago's Art Institute, the Chester Dale Collection and others:- notably the Cassatt family itself - about 100 in all - and not to be shown elsewhere. It was most interesting,- especially where sketches accompanied finished paintings. I had seen the enclosed clippings and was so glad to be here to see the exhibit. My daughter in law went with me. The portrait of the little girl in the big hat was outstanding:- even so much better than its photograph in the clippings.

It had a busy and rather exhausting series of visits, chiefly with relatives, all the way from Boston to Washington, some of them one night stands. My final ten days is here with my son - Dr. Don & his wife and I am returning home soon. I had four days in New York City seeing doctors and friends as I could - in spite of 3 days of miserable pain which was repeated when I first got here. I had every intention of visiting Mrs Minna

Is

studio as I had said I would, but torrential rain + the onset of the most miserable cold I've had in years prevented my doing so. I am sorry, for I found her and her work most interesting.

My appearance in New York was much like last year's. Perhaps I am the "print". Anyway it rather puts me off - as regards going soon again. The noise, dirt, smog and general hurried tempo and the people one encounters remind me of Lewis Mumford's characterization of the city as "a foreign country" and "loathsome".

So I think Carmel will look good to me when I get back. There is one outstanding pleasure for I experienced this year. The glory of the flaming maples + the other trees in their wondrous autumn hues. I've followed the peak displays from Massachusetts south and have seen some of the loveliest woodlands in existence, for sons and cousins + nieces + grandsons (step, unnecessarily) have driven me about generously and I am thankful indeed.

I hope you both are well and happy with your creative pursuits, and I hope to see you soon in our pleasant home here.

As ever, affectionately -

Edith Tower

THE TRUESDELL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

1015 MARION ROAD COLUMBUS, OHIO
386 PACIFIC STREET, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

December 27, 1963

My dear Jean,

Your letter about Jim's illness saddened us so very much. I had the desire to jump on an airliner, fly home and cook a turkey for you both. Aren't human beings strange? ... I'm not sure that I believe you and Jim need me, or - more importantly - I NEED YOU BOTH!

Jean, Please take very good care of Jim and yourself FOR ME.

Several days ago, we completed negotiations for a union contract with our employes, and - I am wearily delighted to tell you - the new contract proposals we made have been ratified by the union members. If course, we are relieved. Strikes are ugly for both sides.

Tamar is spending this vacation with my Mother in Los Angeles. I speak with her frequently, and she appears to be happy.

Young John flew through to Columbus from Phoenix and is working in the factory. He is a fine young man, and we are extremely proud of him. He loved the picture you sent of Jim and Chuy; I believe Johnny was there when you snapped the photo, and he told me the comedy of how Jim had attempted to have Chuy look toward the camera lense. I told Johnny Jim has been ill, and Johnny was extremely concerned.

We miss Carmel so much. But we are fortunate to have our main roots there and to be able to return. Actually, this has been a rather beautiful, 'Christmasy' Christmas. There is a good deal of snow on the ground, and there is the wonderful silence that accompanies a snow-bound world. Our little home in the German Village is weather-tight and warm. So we are blessed ...

We love you and Jim very much, and possibly soon, we shall see you.

June

THE TERRACE HILTON · CINCINNATI 1, OHIO
513-381-4000

January 11, 1965

Dearest Jean and Jim,

The beautiful, beautiful red Christmas roses arrived, and it was very good of you to know how lonely we were for home. They reminded me of another 'lonely' Christmas five years ago when my first and dearest friend in Carmel - Jean Kellogg - brought us a Christmas gift to brighten our log fire. It's a strange, but we had just completed restoring our German Village worker's house when the roses arrived. In fact, the arrived before the furniture did. So for almost a week, they were the only touch of home.

I'm so excited about yan trip to New York. Has anything come of it for you and Jim? Is there for you? Does Jim have an agent? What has happened to Too Too?

Tomar seems to be very satisfied with the University of Southern California.

(over)

She doesn't write often, but I imagine that is because she is busy. Mother and my brother tell me she has become very thin (115 pounds) and very active.

Do you hear from R. Rajagopal? I owe you and her so much! I know I have told you this a thousand times, but I look with pride on Jam today - and then quickly say a special thanks to you.

Young John came to Columbus for Christmas. He is a wonderful human being. He is gentle, kind, introspective, non-complaining... and yet healthily 14½ years-old. He and your red roses made our Christmas merry.

Have you sold your Point. I'm almost afraid to come home knowing you won't be close next door. I have relied on you for five years, and I doubt that I shall be able to change.

Our love to you both,

June

(Mrs. John Truesdell)

june and john truesdell

June 1, 1966

Dearest Jean,

You are so right. Carmel Highlands is more distant from the Valley than, say, San Francisco (for you and Jim) or Los Angeles (for John and me). Actually, it's rather ridiculous that neither you nor I can take off an hour or two in the many, many days to visit.

It's good that you are working. You are blessed with a tremendous talent, Jean, and I'm so cruel I think it selfish of you not to produce and produce and produce your own special beauty for the rest of us. I never would have the nerve to say that to your dear, pretty face; please forgive me for thinking and writing it.

Retirement (Have you read Hemmingway's definition of retirement? 'It's backing into the grave.') has not been easy for me. I took your advice and John's and tried to rest until the Muses moved me. There wasn't even a hudge. So I have set up strict hours for myself.

Young John is home for the summer, and how wonderful this is for us! He's full of plans and excitement during the vacation - Oceanology at Pacific Grove High School. I wish the school would allow old mothers to enroll in the class.

Please call me when you can spare a short time. We miss you and Jim.

Love,

June

route 1, box 71 » carmel, california

Phone
391 - 1159

Apartment 2
411 Green Street
San Francisco 94133
October 30, 1967

Dearest Jean,

Will you forgive my rudeness on the telephone last night? I had a young adult pulling at my shirttail, because he - Johnny - had to get back to Menlo to rewrite an English la theme. Incidentally, Johnny loves college, and he tells me he's all over the report card: A in Math, B in Chemistry, C in Spanish, D+ in English la (and, he claims, he's lucky to be getting that). He is a delightful human being who is quickly developing the wit and the wisdom of his father with a special shyness of his own. I <u>like</u> him tremendously.

Tamar is blossoming! In my opinion, she is the best of the new generation, a generation I have come to understand and admire. Jean, they do things and see things differently than we did. But they <u>do</u> and they <u>see</u>, and they are going to cause a great deal to happen. Let me quickly add, Tamar and her friends are not advocates of the Drop-out and Turn-On generation, though they understand these immature youngsters. Being around Tam's scene, I have become Panglossian about the future.

Being a tremendously sensitive person, I think you caught the note of hysteria in my first letter to you, and you answered it with calm assurance. Since then, I have come to enjoy what I am and where I am and why I am. For the first time in more years than I can remember, I have time to meditate and do. I haven't accomplished complete PEACE, Jean, but then no one ever does. But I have conquered what Kazantzakis refers to as the monkey-man in me (have you read his REPORT FROM GRECO? I think you would be delighted with it).

What has happened to Jim's book? Has it been published? Where can I get a copy? (Title, publisher's name and address?)

I know how busy you and Jim are. I understand there is little time left in a day of painting and writing and tending that beautiful gallery. But when and if you have a moment, do write me.

I love you both,

June

15 February

Dearest Jean,

Your letters are an absolute joy. You are so good with words and word pictures: the artist in you always comes through with color and feeling. Thank you for writing me.

Last week the International Herald-Tribune carried a short article that Jehanne's grandson, Mark, was dead; that he had jumped from the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. I am horrified! For Jehanne, for Mark's parents and friends, for myself ... and mostly for Mark who couldn't find any reason to live. I wrote Jehanne a most inadequate note.

A friend of mine sent me a poem for Christmas (if I have written it to you before, please bear with me). As you probably know, my sister-in-law killed herself in October; Friedy Heisler recently wrote me a pathetic letter about her son, Ivan, and that she was about to go into hospital for heart surgery; now young Mark. Everytime I hear about suicide, I remember this poem:

'If there is bread,
I will eat bread.
If there is wine,
I will drink wine.
If there is none,
I will drink moonlight and sunlight.
And if there is none,
I will live on snowflakes or rain.
And if there is none,
I will live on hunger and thirst and pain.'
(John Parker)

I sent the poem to our son, John (who has his father's wit and a gentle intellect). He rewrote the poem and sent the following back to me:

'If there is bread,
I will eat bread.
If there is none,
I will make my own.'

And it is true. Several times in his short 26 years, Johnny has been forced to 'make his own,' and through very dark periods.

My flight reservations are made for 28 March when I shall fly to Los Angeles. I'll drop you a note from Southern California and give you the exact dates I'll be in Monterey. It will be so good to have lunch and a long talk about you, Jim and what your father was doing at the British Museum.

Much love,

June

And love to Jim always.

OUVRIR ICI / HIER OPENEN

AEROGRAMME

LUCHTPOSTBLAD

adresseer

JUIST VOLLEDIG en DUIDELIJK

Mrs. Jean Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California
93924
USA

PAR AVION / PER LUCHTPOST

EXPÉDITEUR / AFZENDER

Truesdell
Keizersgracht 318
Amsterdam

NIETS INSLUITEN!

GEEN ADRESSTROKEN, SLUITZEGELS, PLAKBAND, ENZ. GEBRUIKEN.

RUIMTE VOOR SLUITKLEP

Keizersgracht 328
Amsterdam
17 February

Dearest Jean and Jim,

You spelled my address just right, and so your letter of the 8th was delivered today. What a delight to hear from you! And though you didn't ask for an answer, here is one straight-off. I have missed you so much for too long.

The perky, 'speaking' dog that greeted me with a jolly 'Hi! June' is so alive, I wish I could take him off the piece of paper and hug him. Thank you, Jim.

Jehanne probably told you on the phone that I used an airletter to write to her and, as I always do, ran out of space. Somewhere on the page, I squeezed in something such as, Remind me to tell you about J. Dickie's paintings. Here is what I wanted to write:

Some of our paintings and some furniture were shipped over here for this tiny flat. In the living/diningroom there are two pieces of wall art only: J. Kellogg's Bird Rock and The Charcoal Man. (That leaves a great deal of bare, white wall space, for the room is 10 1/2 meters long; but I can't find anything so good as what I have.) At any rate the building and furniture had to be appraised for insurance, and the insurance company sent a very special man. Jean, Mr. Alberts fell in love with your work. He guessed you were a man and kept exclaiming about the strength and power. He almost got his feet wet climbing on Bird Rock; and I thought I saw a wisp of hair blow as a bird flew by. He stood a long, long time in front of Charcoal Man. And he talked about it and talked about it and, when we went upstairs to the bedroom, still was talking about it. He wondered why you weren't to be seen here in the Netherlands. And after seeing what he appraised these two pieces at, you should be.

One day I shall go to Boymans museum in Rotterdam. Actually, I haven't been to Rotterdam for years. You'll recall 60 per cent of it was bombed by the Nazi's, and it now is a new city. Not too attractive, and there's a coldness about it that the rest of Holland doesn't have.

Which brings to mind: do you know ter Borsch? A short while ago his paintings were loaned to the gallery at Den Haag from the U.S., Russia, Germany, England, France, Germany, etc., etc. What a magnificent artist! Next to Jean Kellogg, my favorite today is Breitner (Sp?), a Dutchman who was born at the same time as van Gogh, went to France about the time van Gogh went but lived until 1923. To me, a much better artist than van Gogh, because he caught - with fabulous colour - the wind and any movement; no one ever made lights so bright and wet streets so slick. Come to Amsterdam, Jean and Jim! There's so much to show you.

Of course, I'm writing. I always write. But I don't always finish what I begin. Writing is the same as breathing to me.

Jean, you mustn't make such a grim face when you say you're having a 'Retrospective' exhibit. It's good Jim's playful, happy animals will be in a next-door room. And what a fine thing to do with an Old Courthouse.

Somewhere - maybe it was when Ralph Atkinson was in Amsterdam last summer - I heard that Gordon Newell was unhappy on the Monterey Peninsula. What a foolish thing for Monterey to do ... to let Gordon move away. An admirable thing about this country is that it supports its artists, not necessarily selling artists - any artist; they get money from the

government to eat, sleep, live and buy art material. Also, in Amsterdam there is a large rent-a-painting 'library.' It costs an individual like me about 4.50 dollars a month to belong, and members are allowed to take home a painting per membership for a three to six month period. Then return the painting and take out another. The paintings all have a sale price on them. And, actually, the 4.50 per month is a sort of savings account, because when CKE wants to buy a painting, the money paid in for membership fully applies to the purchase. That's very nice.

I saw John last week, for about five days, and we had such a good time together. He was buying a flat in London and wanted me to see it. I flew across the North Sea (only 40 minutes to London). The flat is a dream! At one time it was the studio section of a big, old house. There is an ample kitchen, bathroom, large bedroom, powderroom, 60 foot long hall, dining hall and the studio itself is 30 X 24 feet with fireplace, a full north wall of obscured leaded glass windows AND - the ceiling is three storeys high and glass. He was ready to purchase it Friday. But, alas, it was owned by an American (Peter Forrestal, Forrestal of the Navy's 'black-sheep' son)who left London a short time ago owing mortgage, money to clubs, for clothing, furniture, etc. and the mortgage-holding bank can't sell it until Peter is found. John will have to wait while the search goes on, but I don't blame him for being impatient.

Mother's recovery was amazing to us, too. But not now. Mother has a very special spirit, a love for life in which she does for others. She seemed to thumb her nose at cancer and sang out, 'You can't catch me!' After surgery, as I recall, Mother had Cobalt treatment five times a week for five or six weeks. She's not been given any of the new drugs, which I do know about. At 86 she stopped taking a light sleeping sedative because she was afraid she would form an addiction. She takes a glass of wine before going to bed instead.

Mother, too, was affected for a short period from the Cobalt treatments. She was tired, listless and once in awhile, very slightly depressed. But she was a good girl, took her vitamins, had frequent blood counts (was on some type of pill for a month) and now is her happy self again.

You will be, too, Jim.

How in the world do you keep that old Bonzai alive? John gave me one for Christmas. I do all the Rx'ed things: feed him special food pellets, never bring him indoors for more than an evening, talk with him, pamper him ... and one of his most gnarled branches is turning brown.

Now I have your address safely in my book and can 'talk' with you via airmail anytime I want ... which makes you seem much closer.

My best love to you both!

Jane

P.S. Please pardon misspellings, XXXX-overs, etc. I'm so excited about finding you again, my mind goes faster than my fingers.

Jean & Jim Dickie
P.O. Box 25
Carmel Valley, California
93924
USA

Truesdell
Keizersgracht 328
Amsterdam

LUCHTPOST
PAR AVION
PTT
P 4579

THE HERALD

April 9 '95

Robert Fish/The Herald

ILENE TUTTLE *was among those who was responsible for the Longtimers exhibit at Santa Catalina.*

Fast Girls, a very modern, witty play, is presented by Center Stage at **The Old City Hall Restaurant & Playhouse**, 7400 Monterey St., Gilroy, through April 15. Curtain at 7 p.m. Thursdays, 8:30 p.m. Fridays/Saturdays. All seats $15, dinner/show package $35 ($25 Thursdays), payable in advance. Reserve at 847-PLAY.

The Big Broadcast April 18-May 21 at **Presidio Performing Arts Threatre**, San Francisco. 998-BASS.

San Francisco Film Festival April 20-May 13 at various venues. 998-BASS.

Andrew Lloyd Webber's **The Phantom of the Opera** at the **Curran Theatre** in San Francisco through April 23. Performances Tuesday-Saturday at 8 p.m., Wednesday/Saturday matinees at 2, Sundays at 3. Tickets are $15-$65 at theater box office (415-441-5100) and BASS outlets (998-BASS).

Raisin April 27-30 at **Oakland Paramount Theatre**. 998-BASS.

Forever Tango: The Eternal Dance extended through April 30 at **Theatre on the Square**, San Francisco. All-Argentine cast (25) of dancers,

June 15-18 at **Oakland Coliseum**; June 22-25 at **San Jose Arena**. 998-BASS.

Music and Dance

San Francisco Ballet 1995 Repertory Season through May 14 at **War Memorial Opera House**. 998-BASS.

Pocket Opera San Francisco 18th season: Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" through June 18 at several venues. Also, post-performance parties, pre-performance brunches, wine pouring. Ticket prices range $10-$22. Call (510) 943-7469. At Walnut Creek, (415) 989-1855.

Casa de Fruta Family Barbecue & Dance Concert Series resumes today, celebrating 25th anniversary. Dance to top country bands on two 4,000-square-foot outdoor pavillions. Admission $3 (under 11 free), menu items start at $4.95. Dance 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Sundays, 6-10:30 p.m. Saturdays (beginning April 29). Playground, narrow gauge railroad, petting zoo, pony rides. Located on Highway 152 between Hollister and Gilroy. 842-9316, 637-7775. Overnight accommodations: (800) 548-3813.

Buddy Guy today at **Dinkelspiel**

director **Herbert Blomstedt** leads the orchestra in performances of Bruckner's Symphony No. 8 on April 12/13/15 at **Davies Symphony Hall**. $15. (415) 864-6000.

The All-Stars of Blues: Johnny Taylor, Clarence Carter, Denise Lasalle, Tyrone Davis April 14 at **Oakland Paramount Theatre**. 998-BASS.

Extreme April 14 at **The Fillmore**, San Francisco. 998-BASS.

Merle Haggard & the Strangers April 15 at **The Fillmore**, San Francisco. 998-BASS.

Adam Ant April 18 at **The Fillmore**, San Francisco. 998-BASS.

Portishead April 19 at **Bimbo's 365 Club**, San Francisco. 998-BASS.

George Strait/Lari White April 20 at **San Jose Arena**. 998-BASS.

Polish-born pianist **Krystian Zimerman** will make his debut with the **San Francisco Symphony** at 8 p.m. April 20 at **Davies Symphony Hall**. (415) 864-6000.

San Jose Cleveland Ballet presents the full-length "Romeo and Juliet," William Shakespeare's fabled tragedy of young, passionate love and family

ILENE TUTTLE
4087 Pine Meadows Way
Pebble Beach, CA 93953
624-7910

February 23, 1995

Jean Kellogg
428 Monroe Street
Monterey, CA 93940

Dear Jean:

We are so appreciative of your willingness to lend the two paintings for the *Longtimers* show at Santa Catalina School gallery in March-April, and it was a real pleasure visitng with you and learning about your very interesting life and career as an artist. I think we're all set to put you in the spotlight!

Enclosed are some invitations for your personal use. Members and associates of the Carmel Art Association will receive invitations via the regular mailing. That's quite a comprehensive list which seems to cover a great many people in -- or interested in -- the arts community.

I really hope you'll get to the reception. Please let me know if you'd like a ride. I'd be so happy to arrange it.

Again, many thanks for your generosity and help, Jean. And special thanks again for Jimmie's cartoon book.

Warm wishes,

Ilene

cc: Darcie Fohrman, Director
Santa Catalina School Gallery

Hampshire House
One Fifty Central Park South
New York 19, N.Y.

Feb 25 1968

Dear Jean: Lesly Frost Ballantine and I send greetings, also Al Parker and his wife who were here last week for a show of his drawings at the Illustrators' Club. Lesly had an exhibition of "Sculptor in lead" and of Joe's water-colors. She is coming to SF May 24th - and plans to visit me in Carmel. I am coming for a month Mar 15th to Apr 15th to stay in my house (Mag 318C)

Al Parker says you have an art gallery in Carmel Valley. Someday I would love to have a share of my water-color with you. I had a lovely one at the Upper Grosvenor in London last Sept 1967. Enclosed is

an old brochure - I also have a book of "Poetry & Painting" that Nancy O'Gara reviewed in the Monterey Herald last spring - It is on sale at Nepenthe and the Wells book store in Carmel. I do not know whether you have seen it or not. It is my poetry and very lovely photo off-sets of my paintings.

Please write at once to the Hampshire House if you have room on your schedule at your gallery - we might make an arrangement for a show while I am in Carmel this spring - I know this is sudden but I did not know you had a gallery, until Al told me.

The Jeffers will be coming home to Carmel soon from Ireland - I saw Lee in London and they decided to come home for good. See you soon have Carolyn Tyson

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEPARTMENT OF DECORATIVE ART
BERKELEY 4, CALIFORNIA

21st June 1956

Dear Miss Kellogg

Thanks for your letter of June 19th.
The Seminar on the Metaphysical basis of form is not going to be held, at present I have two courses on Indian art but these have already started on Monday. It would I think, be difficult for you to come into the middle of things. It is for you to decide. The one course is on Indian Architecture and Sculpture (and the conceptions which are given form in them) and the other course deals with Indian costume, i.e. with the significance of body and garment and their relation.
I shall however be glad to talk over with you all the points that are of particular

interest to you. Perhaps you could come here on a week end. Or I could come to Carmel (and Monday) which I would like to see in any case. I could leave here on a Friday after 12 o clock (noon) and would have to be back Sunday evening. Let me know whether this would give us sufficient time. Perhaps you could tell me how best it could be done (I have no car). Or else let me know when I may expect you here.

With kind regards

yours Sincerely

Stella Kramrisch

Philosopher A.I. Melden of UCI Dies

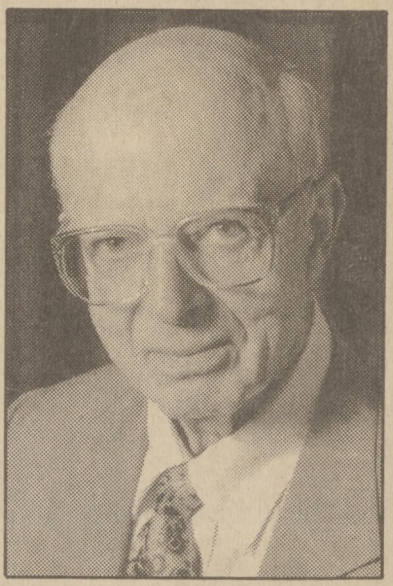
By KRISTINA LINDGREN
TIMES STAFF WRITER

IRVINE—Philosopher Abraham I. Melden, a founding UC Irvine faculty member and the first chair of the university's department of philosophy, has died of congestive heart failure, university officials announced Tuesday. He was 81.

Melden was considered one of the nation's foremost scholars in the area of ethics and the philosophy of human action. A Phi Beta Kappa who took his doctorate degree from UC Berkeley in 1938, he was the author of five books and numerous reviews and articles.

"It's kind of a passing of an era of people who helped in the building of this campus," UCI Chancellor Jack W. Peltason said of Melden's passing. "Professor Melden was a very distinguished philosopher, and he was active until the very end."

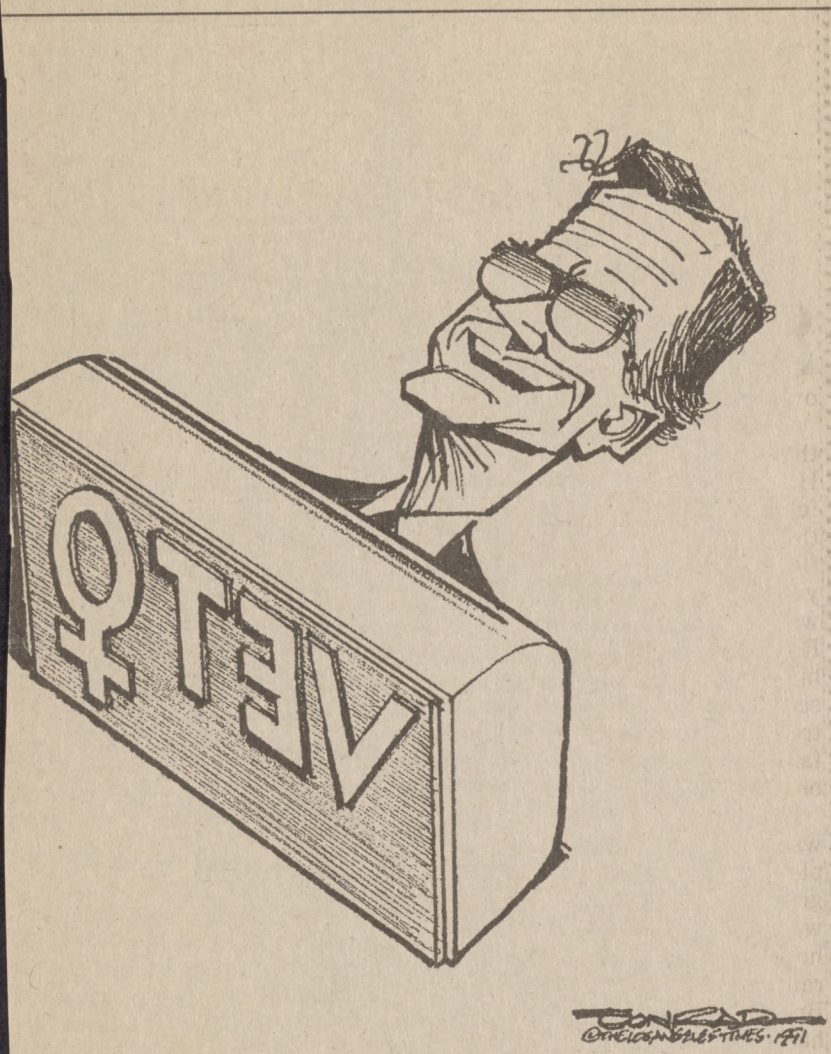
Melden joined the UCI faculty in 1964, after 18 years at the University of Washington at Seattle. During his tenure at UCI, he also taught at universities in Japan, Taiwan and Korea as a visiting Fulbright distinguished lecturer. In 1972, he was named the Outstanding Educator of America. The same year, the UCI's alumni association gave him the Extraordinarius Award as the person best exemplifying the campus spirit and mission.



Abraham I. Melden

In 1988, 11 years after his retirement—apparently in name only—UCI awarded him its highest honor, the UCI Medal. At that time, after cardiac surgery, the longtime Newport Beach resident continued to teach, write and work with UCI's Humanities Research Institute.

Melden is survived by his wife, Regula, and their daughter, Jean, who lives in Menlo Park. No funeral services were planned, but a memorial service will be scheduled at a later date, UCI officials said. In lieu of flowers, Melden's family suggests that contributions be made payable to the UCI Foundation and sent in care of the Abraham I. Melden Memorial Fund to the department of philosophy, UC Irvine, Irvine, Calif. 92717.


VETO
CONRAD
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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, IRVINE

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DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

IRVINE, CALIFORNIA 92717

December 17, 1991

Ms. Jean Kellogg Dickie
428 Monroe Street, Apt. #2
Monterey, CA 93940

Dear Ms. Dickie:

Thank you for your generous gift of $35.00 to the University of California, Irvine in memory of Dr. Abraham I. Melden. Your gift will be used to establish The Abraham I. Melden Memorial Fund. On behalf of the faculty and staff of the Department of Philosophy, thank you again for your memorial gift.

Sincerely,

P. Maddy

Penelope Maddy
Professor and Chair

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

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SANTA BARBARA • SANTA CRUZ

OFFICE OF THE PROVOST
CROWN COLLEGE

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA 95060

December 1, 1969

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Thank you for the checks sent in payment for the painting of Mr. Ferro you purchased. I have forwarded the one check to Mr. Ferro; the commission check has been deposited by us.

We understand that you will pick the painting up at Mr. Ferro's home in Carmel.

We are glad that you visited the art exhibit at Crown College last month.

Sincerely,

Peggy Vecchione

(Mrs.) Peggy Vecchione
Administrative Assistant

PV:ap

RUTH BOWMAN

Assistant Director of Library Relations

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA *94117*

TELEPHONE *(415) 666-6605*

More copies than you
requested - but we have
so many! - I'm holding 50
for Mr. Weston - we received
the beautiful photo - Father is
traveling & will be in touch. (a)

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

OFFICE OF SUMMER, INTERSESSION, AND EVENING PROGRAMS

March 1, 1991

Gleeson Library Associates

Dear Colleague:

We would like to bring to your attention a most auspicious event this coming fall.

During the weekend of October 25 and 26, 1991, Rev. John P. Schlegel, S.J. will be installed as the University of San Francisco's new President. We respectfully suggest that you may wish to set aside those dates so you can participate in various Inaugural events.

Detailed planning is still underway, but we can tell you that Friday, October 25, is scheduled for a Mass of the Holy Spirit at St. Ignatius Church.

On Saturday, October 26, the Inauguration Ceremony will be held in St. Ignatius Church at approximately 10:30 AM, followed by a champagne reception for all and a University Ball to be held in the evening to which students, faculty, staff, community and friends are invited.

Mark your calendar for this weekend of festivity and celebration.

Sincerely,

Alan Ziajka
Assistant Vice President
Academic Affairs

mab

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY
SEATTLE 5

Sept. 24/63

Dear Jean & Jim:

First, to thank you for putting me up & putting up with me; next to tell you about Reje. I saw the doctor yesterday. He did not minimize the danger. There is some disagreement ~~but~~ among pathologists who have examined the tissues removed in the last operation. The surgeon came within approximately 1/8" of the spinal ~~cord~~ chord. He removed all of the growth he could see. He would have preferred to have taken out more tissue, but could come no closer than he did to the nerve. The decision was to radiate the whole area including the nerve, keeping the level of radiation below the level of the limit of tolerance, and, proceeding away from the nerve to increase the dose. We are advised to think & believe that she will recover completely; at the same time we have no statistical data on which to proceed. We do not know, but we shall count on her complete recovery.

Reje knows all the facts in the case. The radiation has its telling effects upon her, but she is incredibly self-poised & courageous. It is

hard to see her & not feel terribly touched, but we shall be courageous & take everything in stride. In the meantime we are assured that we have the best doctors; & Carlyle, with whom I spoke, is a remarkably fine and understanding person. He will, I am certain, do what is best and we can ask for nothing more.

We are glad, Regie, Rege & I, to be together again. ~~It~~ Rege is in much better shape now. My being away at a critical time, plus the fact that there were several minor annoyances like breakdowns in the car, plumbing & stove was a bit too much for her. I shouldn't have left. Please do write & once more my best to you both.

Ah.

October 3, 1989

Dear Jean, -

Here finally, are xeroxes of the front and back of the Brussels dinner menu - attended and signed by your father and mine (mine on the menu side) - Hoover used a light pen, which didn't copy well - but perhaps you can decipher it and some other familiar names - I have a 1929 Who's Who,

which lists both our fathers - and several others who signed.

We loved having had a chance to meet you, and look forward to a future time when we can compare notes - We wish that the country were less expensive to cross, so that we could get to Carmel/Monterey more often - It's frustrating to have such a wonderful family there - and Erik growing up so fast - and not to be able to see them all more often!

But New York is home - and we love it - Ted has lots of pupils now, and enjoys teaching - MET STAR - Baritone voice

The tome I've been working on for nearly eight years (Annals of the Metropolitan Opera - a chronology of the first 100 years of Met performances) is nearly

finished — and should be ready by early December. It's a sad period for me, because my good friend Jerry Fitzgerald, who is Editor-in-Chief (I'm Senior Editor) has AIDS — and isn't at all well now. He's putting every ounce of energy into it — and it gets more difficult by the day. He's a wonderful person.

Ted sends greetings —

Affectionately, Jean

Jean Uppman
201 West 86th St
New York, NY 10024

NEW YORK, NY 100
M
30 OCT
1989

Begin an Adventure of
Collect Sta

Jean Kellogg Dickie
428 Monroe St., Apt. 2
Monterey, California
93940

PUBLISHERS · THE VIKING PRESS INC · NEW YORK 22 NY

Cable address · Vikpress 625 MADISON AVENUE *Telephone · PLaza 5-4330*

December 13th, 1962

Dear Jean:

I was delighted to have your letter reminding me about NUOVA: THE NEW BEE, because that was a book I liked very much when I was young. (Do I remember correctly that it was illustrated by Milo Winter?) And I looked forward hopefully to reading it all these many years later, to see if it would "stand up".

Well, I'm afraid I have to tell you that it just wouldn't, for this generation of youngsters. In a way I rather regret the changed approach to natural history; it seems to me that many of the books of my youth were cozier than the less anthropomorphic ones children read now. But there it is - I don't believe NUOVA would suit the present taste, and I'm sorry.

Miss Dutt wrote me a charming letter about her thesis, and I consulted our trade department about possible publication. The editor there felt that it wouldn't be right for our list, but we put her on to the Asia Society people, who will very likely be most helpful. She sounds a highly intelligent girl.

Thank you for letting me see NUOVA - it's given me personal pleasure, at any rate. And I'm truly sorry not to be able to feel that it would be a good idea to reissue it.

Yours, with good wishes for the happiest Christmas,

Anne

Mrs. Jean Kellogg Dickie
Route 1, Box 101
Carmel, California

Pegot Warneg

Sculptres

1012 Las Pulgos Rd.
Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272 2/8/71

My dear Jim and Jean,

It was a delight to be with you again after all these years and to find you living harmoniously together. Your home and Studio are charming as well as beautifully organized. It gladdened me to see it although we didn't have time to enjoy your work, Jean.

Hopefully we will have time for that when I return the first week in March. I have decided to sell the house rather than rent it. Jim advised that an old house is a poor investment, especially

for an absentee land lord.
If I am ever able to retire to Carmel I'll build a small house with a large studio, more like yours.

The approximate estimate on the house is $100,000. I could sell it Apr. 1st but then I would have to do it through the lawyers. That would involve lawyer's fees, executor's fees, and realator's fees. If I wait until June I can avoid all those middle men. Naturally I could make a better price then. If you know of anyone who might be interested, please have them get in touch with me.

I hope you are feeling stronger now. I tried to get the Spring Green for you, but it's not yet available. Perhaps it will be by next month and if so, I'll bring it with me.

Has Jim any further plans about publishing his stunning book? I felt it had endless possibilities.

All my loving thoughts to both of you.

Always yours,

Peg

3/8/71

My dear Jim & Jean,

My plans got all Scrambled as Mother was ill and my Car took off at 1 A.M. and slid out of the garage, causing damage to itself and a Neighbor's Car!

Now everything is in order — for the moment and barring earthquakes, fires, and "if the Creek don't rise" I'll drive up to Carmel tuesday, 16th and hope to stay about a week.

The "Tiger relief" by Hearth was willed to Cynthia. It's not her taste and if you're interested she might be willing to sell it.

I'll call you when I arrive and hope that we can spend some time together. It was a delight for me the last time. Stay well!

Love,

Peg ot

copy

428 Monroe Street, #2 Monterey, CA 93940

August 9,'95

Lisa Crawford Watson
#16, Scarlett Road
Carmel Valley
California 93924

Dear Ms- Watson,

Fortunately, I have your address through the courtesy of Marie Wainscoat. So, I am happy that I can sendyou my sincere thanks for your sympathetic article which appeared in the Alta Vista section of last Sunday's Monterey Herald. The color, too, added alot to the appearance of the page.

My father, who was a strict scientist, nevertheless had a wonderful sense of humor. And I think that he would have been pleased to find your readiness to use what little that I may have inherited from him?

The ribbon on my old Royal portable typewriter has been playing tricks, so apologies for lack of straight lines.

I note that you live across the Valley from where my husband, the late Jim Dickie, Scottish cartoonist) and ~~I~~ and I spent happy years in the hills just east of Ford Road. His humor, too, was a welcome antidote to my pedantic and serious nature.

Again, please accept the heartfelt thanks of

J. K. D—

WELLESLEY COLLEGE
WELLESLEY 81, MASSACHUSETTS

WELLESLEY COLLEGE LIBRARY

April 25, 1958

Dear Mrs. Kellogg:

What an exciting moment it was to unpack your handsome, inscribed edition of Mr. Jeffers's Apology for Bad Dreams, and how well packed it was, too! Please thank your daughter for that.

Mrs. Tower tells me she was able to coax it from you only because it was for Wellesley. Mrs. Tower has done so much for the Library of her Alma Mater that it is hard to find words to thank her. Now, we want to thank you too for thinking Wellesley worthy of your cherished Jeffers item. You may be sure it will have the place of honor in our Jeffers collection, which, in turn, has a place in a distinguished collection of English Poetry.

Perhaps Mrs. Tower has told you that we have also a Book Arts Collection of which we are very proud. We have a good many California printing items in it and we feel that the two Jeffers items Mrs. Tower has given, — The Loving Shepherdess with the stunning etchings by your daughter, — and this early Ward Ritchie item are important for both collections. We are waiting impatiently for our new exhibition cases to be finished so we may show them off properly.

Yours most sincerely,

Hannah D. French

Hannah D. French
Research Librarian

Mrs. Vernon Kellogg
Route 1, Box 101
Carmel, California

HDF:hg

Jan. 3, 1958

Dearest Jean –

Just a note to thank you so very much for your sweet Christmas gift. What lovely perfume - I love it.

Your letter in the paper, about Edward, was beautiful. You were always such a wonderful friend to him - he loved you very much. We are going to miss him more than I can say.

Thank you again Jean dear — We love you.

Kraig [Weston]

Mrs. Neil Weston

March 19, 1986

Dear Jim + Jean -

Thank you so much for your nice letter. I had just sent you an Easter Card the day before I got it. We are so sorry to hear that Jim had a heart attack, (Join the club) but glad that you are home again and hope your recovery is quick and complete. I know how painful and frightening it can be - not alot of fun.

I just lost my last brother, Bill, on March 1st. It was his heart, just as my father and John and Erik died. I am the only one left now, a very sad and frightening position to be in.

yes - it is nice that there has been, (and will be) all the whoopla about The E. W. 100th Birthday. Cole will give a lecture at M.P.C. on Sunday evening and there will be a question and answer period afterwards in which Neil will participate. The next month there will be a three day event that the Friends of Photography

will put on and they want Neil to be part of that too. The last day they will bring people out to see the old E.W. Studio. our daughter, Jana, + her husband, Steven, + their daughter, Daphne live in the Studio and it doesn't look anything like it did when Edward lived there. Steven uses the dark-room for a work Shop for his metal sculptor, so it does not look like a dark room any more. The Monterey Herald called Neil yesterday and want to come out and interview Neil for an article they are doing about E.W.'s sons and what they are doing - also we had our pictures in The Carmel Pine Cone - taken while we were at The Friends of Photography E. W. Show. Wow! we feel like celebrities! Cole + Brett are used to this kind of thing - but Neil has always been the Silent one and is not used to the limelight.

as to Edward being an "intellectual" - I think alot of people thought he was, after reading His Day Books. He was into his own philosophy, which was interesting.

Take care of yourselfs - We send you lots of love -

Neil + Craig

XXXX

PEONIES

Oil on canvas by Edouard Manet
French, 1832–1883

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Bequest of Joan Whitney Payson, 1975 (1976.201.16)
(K) 11-08148-6

[Weston]

Mr. White printed the
cast of Winslow Homers
plates + finished
the first 200
for plate I of
my Coming Shepherdess.
Suite -
I printed all the rest
about 2000 in all
counting rejects.

October 26th 1924

Dear Miss Kellogg:

I am sorry to have delayed answering your letter of the 19th I have been troubled with a cold and could do nothing about it but wait it out. all is well again and ~~I~~ ~~and~~ I am back to your printing. First let me thank you for the check and the material you sent me. I find it a little heavy and it has a tendency to smudge the line so that I am useing my tarlton and it is doing a good job. another trouble that I am up against is the margins If I am to deliver to you a perfect job I must trim by hand the outside margin of your page after printing so that the tie in margin will measure to size when it is trimmed by the binder

OKS

I find that laying the sheet on a highly polished plate causes the sheet to shift a slide a little. Unless we have the the correct size to trim too We will get an unequal tin in.

I also have your post-card of 21st re. the printy of the Indian plate I shall try too follow your instructions re. the printy

Yours Sincerely
Charles S. White

E. S.

New York Feb. 6 - 55

Dear Miss Kellogg - 1445 University Ave. N.Y. 53

Please overlook my delay

my delay in answering your letter of a month ago. So much has happened since, that I cannot remember just what the contents were. My good husband (Charles S. White) died on January 31, in his sleep while taking his afternoon nap.

The Studio was finally closed on January 29. A parcel left for you on January 31. Containing a gallon of flake oil, some pieces of blanket, 1 piece of tarlatane. The ink which my husband wanted you to have proved to be dried out upon examination. It was some very old

single blotters and left there.
Wet blotters were dryed out on drying racks, you may have noticed them, in the rear room.
I am sending some cards for nippers under seperate cover.
We both thought of you so often and wondered how you were getting on with the printing.
My husband understood just what a task you were undertaking.
Please let me hear from you.
With the best of wishes
Sincerely
Ella S. White

1445 University Ave
New York 52 New York

french black. He said you would never be able to grind it; would be hard even for him, when his health was good. I seem to recall your asking a question about drying out the print. As soon as the prints came off the press, they were put in a triple layer of dry blotter. covered with a heavy weight to force the water out, at the end of the day they were changed to a double layer of dry blotter, still covered with heavy weight, in the morning they were changed to new dry blotters again, still double, covered and left to dry for a day or so. When thoroughly dry, they were put into

on a wooden board.

New York Nov. 29-04

Miss Jean Kellogg
Route 1. Box 141
Carmel. California

Dear Miss Kellogg.

Let me thank you for your sympathy and understanding of this calamity which has happened to us. You are taking a very courageous stand about this and I feel you will be successful. Do not be concerned about your materials our son Ray. who has worked with his father in the part and has had a good training, is taking over the shipping. He is crating everything in one box. Wooden. Prepaid. There is no one else whom my husband would trust. Ray is accustomed to packing fine instruments in his own firm.

I am to tell you it is quite allright to do about 100 prints in the copper, the plate should last for the smaller edition.

Regarding the ink, at present Charles can not say just what he has until he gets down

Town and has an opportunity to look things over. He will help you all he can, by sending what ink he has and some plate oil, also instructions for grinding.

We expect to out of the building at 939 Eighth ave, by the end of December, and after that time you may reach us at our home address,

1445 University Ave. New York 52 New York

Telephone Cypress 3. C.Y. 3-0703

Anything else which I have not covered, must wait for another time, until my husband is more himself and able to think about past business arrangements. I do know about your payments.

To wish you the best of luck in this huge undertaking

Most Sincerely

Ella S. White

939 Eighth Ave
Studio 500
New York 19 New York

My beloved is doing pretty well but as for me I cant bostt (boast)

MRS. HERBERT M. WOOLLEN
3657 SPRING HOLLOW ROAD
GOLDEN HILL
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA 46208

June 2
1970

Dear Jean:

What joy your letter brought me this morning. Even if not true about the books I felt it might be so. I have been embarrased so many time when persons who had given me money for books asked me where they were now. I would like to follow up and write to someone in Israel who could tell me the truth. You must know that Peggy Scheling never knew what the truth was & wrote to my beloved husband to get your

her off to the Paderewski
board but he didn't even ans-
wer her letter. Then you know
she stole the husband & hence
called best friend. I have written
to her several times & she had no
idea what became of the medical
books. She was always going to Europe
& said she would write me when
she came back. That was the last
letter both ways. If there is some-
thing I cannot stand it is a liar &
that is the only thing I can call
them — a liar. — Now for something
more pleasant. I do hope you can
get all your troubles straightened
out. With much affection and
admiration. No longer Jen. Just
just plain Peg (my nickname.

MRS. HERBERT M. WOOLLEN
3657 SPRING HOLLOW ROAD
GOLDEN HILL
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA 46208

3/30/'40

Dear Joan:
What a pleasant surprise to have your letter for I had wondered what had become of you. As for us things slowly get a bit worse it is almost nine years now that he has been ill & he still have nurses & our wonderful cook who had been with us 49 years had to retire (she was 80 and had a bad case of Dr Mickle's) and our housman of 40 years died eight years ago. You have no idea what we have for cook & man now. And none better to be had. — As for me I have lost 28 pounds & have anemia too. All in all I am not the peppy person I used to be. But I will be 85 April 16. But one

Library in Israel (1952)

Of the greatest disappointments in my life is that no one seems to know where those 1000 books I collected are and they named the library for me. That mischief making Mrs Shelling Claims she knows nothing about them. Did you know she grabed her best friends husband Hans Scholz, the chelist & married him? She is certaing a daughter of the devil! I do not know what to do next - for I am so embarrassed when people who gave me money for books ask me "where are the books now" How I gave myself to that project as did your dear mother. One thing I am happy for that we knew your mother & you. There is nothing happy to write about, for the world seems to be coming to an end. Wish we knew your husband. He must be charming. Much love from us both. Wm. Peg

THE RIGHT REV. WINFRED H. ZIEGLER, D.D., S.T.D.
RT. 1, BOX 200
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

May 13, 1960

My dear Jean:

"To everything There is a season, and a time to every purpose, a Time to be born, and a time to die". Though we sometime have read or heard These words of The sombre but wise preacher we tend to forget them. Untimely death we speak of when it comes to The young; but how seldom we think of The death unduly delayed as untimely! This year was The Time for your mother to die, and you must not brood over it as Though it were a calamity. Our times are in God's hands and while your mother must have asked again and again that she might not die, while again and again she has escaped, on The sick-bed, in perils on The sea and in perils of The land, now This time, in God's providence it was best That she should escape no more.

Suppose your work is done and to put The

Graver once more on the metal is to ruin it, would it not be well that a wise and loving hand should draw you away when your work is done?

Suppose Charlotte's soul had reached the receptive stage when the revelation of the new life could best come to her, would she then ask that it might not come, that the Friend, Son of man and of God, who falteringly she has served, would she ask that now He not give her the great gift?

I feel sure that she willingly went to meet Him who came part way to meet her with forgiveness and a revelation of new usefulness in Eternal life. //

God bless her, and you Jean, and your Mother, Sister, brother and friends, all who are dear to her, and grant all your consolation swiftly.

Faithfully and affectionately,

Winfred H. Ziegler

P.S. Thank you for your more than generous gift.

W.H.Z.

Mother did see the New life as she died — J.K.

Monday, February 12, 1968

Dear Jean -

Suddenly I realize that I shall be 80 this summer, Bishop Ziegler was 82 on Thanksgiving Day, so I just want to tell you how happy we are in our little home which was your studio once. We so often sit by our windows which face the Sea and enjoy the ships and whales passing, the beauty of the Pines and Cypress so many of which you planted. As we feed the birds you may imagine that we have a large colony. I have a blue bird who takes a peanut from my hand. We sometimes have deer who enjoy such tidbits as rose buds (I have very few now) and my bright pink geraniums. And to we have a family of squirrels with plumes for tails.

We go into town about
twice a week, once for
Church and of course for
groceries. Bishop Ziegler
has had serious surgery during
the past three years and all kinds
unpleasant treatments. But we
are still mobile and I can still
do the necessary household chores.

We do hope you are enjoying
your Studio and that you and
Mr Dickie are well and
happy. Most affectionately

Rte. 1, Box 200 Marie Ziegler
Carmel

an Angel publication
d'ANGELo publishing co.
Carmel-by-the-Sea, California

Whistling Swan, a Lillian Paca Original
Reprinted from "Introduction to Western Birds"
Copyright 1964 D'Angelo Publ. Co.

P. O. BOX 27
PINEDALE, WYOMING 82941

July 31, 1972

Dear Jean -

It was a long time ago that we answered an add and found not only our future home for many years but friends whom we shall always prize. I remember how much your Mother and Bishop Zeigler enjoyed visiting together.

When we were obliged to part with our home because of the difficulties of old age we were so fortunate to have the Knolls seek us out. Now I know that the beauty of the surroundings will always be cherished. And

I know that you two will enjoy returning from time to time.

Bishop Ziegler and I were together for our 61st wedding anniversary a few weeks before he left this earth for a better world. I know you will feel my loss

Affectionately

Marie Ziegler

Dear Mr. Chief Justice 15/6/41

I saw in our occasional newspaper the other day the wonderful report of your new appointment.

It is one of the few pieces of news in a long time that has filled me with happiness and a certain hope and confidence.

While because of the mass character of most events today the individual seems powerless to guide or effect the movements of forces, still he remains at once the prime-mover and the only hope for a first order.

So I am very glad for all of us that you are our Chief Justice, and this brings congratulations, and a great deal of affection to you and most sincere [illegible]

[illegible]

To Stone

RRS

Jan 1st, 1958

Dearest Jean.

It was so sweet of you to send us the photos and ~~so~~ have taken so much trouble to get such beautiful copies. We really were distressed that you insist on taking so much

on yourself and will talk to you about this later but we wanst to tell you how very much we appreciate the results.

We hope you had a nice and restful Christmas. Ours was nice and warm at least and we all got over our colds in Opai.

We shall try to get to Carmel in about 3 weeks after Final exams (which we are really dreading this time). Mummy left for N.Y. and we have Coco with us. With much love and dearest wishes for a very happy New Year to you and your mother. It

has been such a joy for us
to see even as much as
rather little of you both as
we did last year and look
forward to more visits.

Love,

Radha.

1051 Villa View Drive
Pacific Palisades California
December 31, '961

Happy New Year dear Jean
to you and your husband.
I was so disappointed
when you did not
come this way. Any
chance for '62? Florence
Homolka

1244
Pr
Pulsdrive
#14

1661 FERNALD POINT LANE
SANTA BARBARA CALIFORNIA

May 22nd '65

Dear Jean—
Please excuse my not
answering your letter
written me in '63 before
this. I put it aside
at the time and with
others it got left till
now.
Probably you've taken
care of the picture to
the S. B. Museum but
if you haven't the

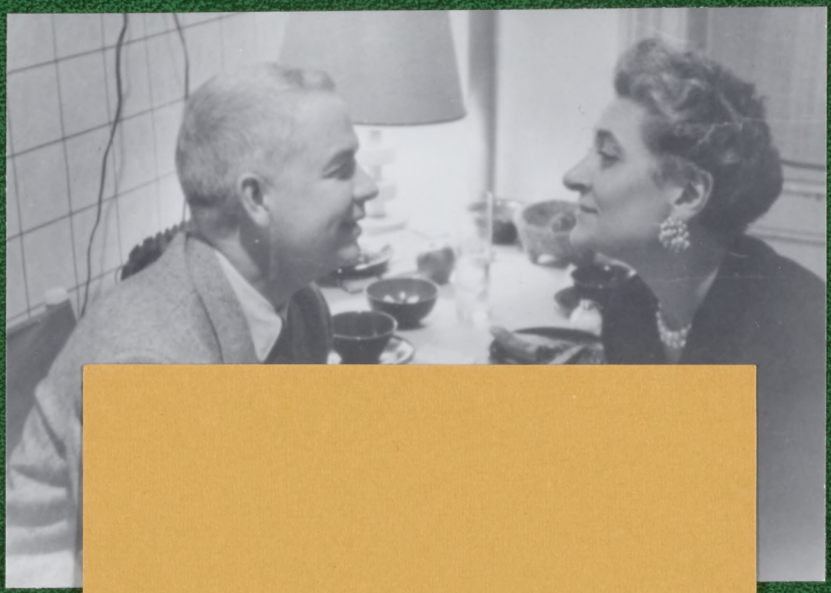
Director's name is Thomas Leavitt. I remember meeting Mrs. Lowenhaupt at the Museum when she was living here.

Esther (Mrs. Donald) Bear asked to be remembered to you when I spoke to her two days ago about your letter.

If you come this way I hope you'll phone me (95212) and come by.

All good wishes,

Alma (Sieus)



TIMELESS LOVE, ARDENT AND EVIDENT:
as in the PAST, so in the present!
May the basic message of Christ-
mas grow within the universal
meaning of every religion in this
ONE WORLD. We join you, Jean &
Jim, in holiday feelings and in
the joy of this Season NOW. Dare
we anticipate 1979? Yes,

Harper and Eve

September 19, 1979

Dear Jean,

I was pleased to get your letter, thank you.

There is a very good chance that I will be in Carmel about October 15th, staying at the Jade Tree Inn with friends.

If you are in town I would like to say hello.

Fond aloha,

Yolanda

This will be the first time I have been back to Carmel since we were at your place with Edward and our children played on the beach.

HONOLULU, HI 968
PM
19 SEP
1979

INT'L YEAR OF THE
CHILD - PARTICIPATE
IN YOUR COMMUNITY

Mrs. Jean Kellog Dickie

428 Monroe Street

Monterey, Ca.

93940

Charlot, 4956 Kahala Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii 96816

2/31/88

Dear Jean,

Thank you so much for the afghans. I will cherish them always as I do the memories of the days I spent with you and James at the beach. Every child has an "enchanted forest" and Point Lobos was mine. I draw on those memories time and time again. I thank you and James for sharing - love mom

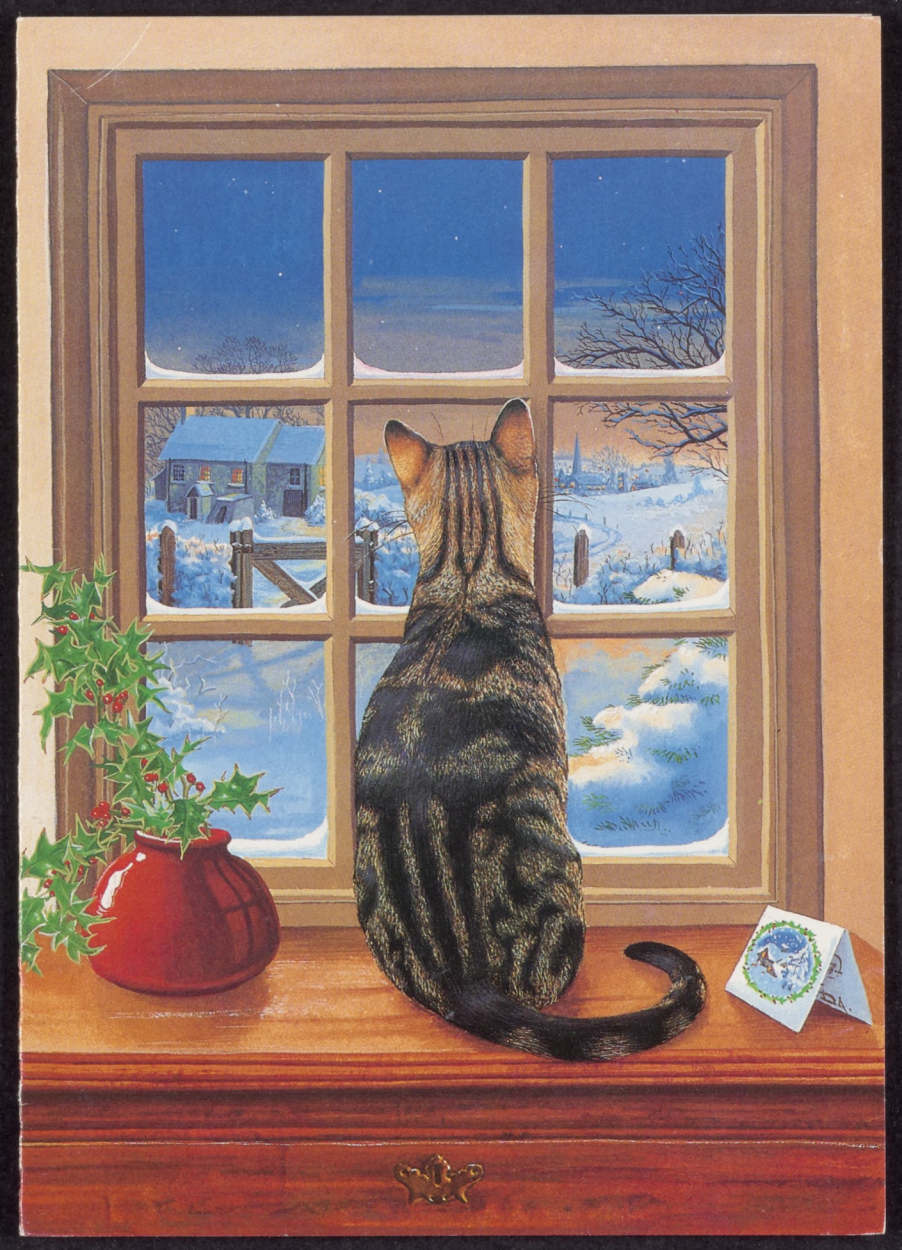
Made in Italy Mod. 38

P. S. I will forward a photo of my family as soon as we can - it's tough to get 3 children to sit still long enough to shoot the picture!

Jean —

Copy of letter Rec'd from Musée in D.C. — NO enclosures — Will eventually write concerning same

Dorothy 7-17-88



December 15, 1990.

Dear Jean,

What a perfect day to write Christmas cards. Wakened this morning to a winter wonderland and the lovely soft flakes are still falling. I love to pretend that I am snowed in when I am really not with my sister and brother-in-law next door. Simon had a good romp in the snow and now he is curled up in front of our wood fire. Doris came over this morning and built the fire and brought in tons of wood. I always seem to have something so that she has to wait on me. In November I had to have a breast off with cancer and it is still very uncomfortable.

I am enclosing a picture of my little house in last February's snow storm. Doris wrote 3 inches on the back but it was three feet. You can see how I feel snowed in.

Last year you said you had bought a banjo. This year I hope to hear that you are playing it. I like the banjo.

The cat on the Christmas card is marked exactly like my mother's cat. She would have loved having this card to send. She always tried to get cards with cats and it was a job. This year everything is cats. I don't think the Chinese know it but it is definitely the year of the cat.

Warm Wishes for a Wonderful Christmas and a Bright New Year

With Love,

Angie

This card was created for use by World Wildlife Fund members and supporters—people who care about wildlife. The person sending this card is helping WWF protect the world's endangered wildlife.

World Wildlife Fund, Washington D.C.

Made from non-endangered trees with a high recycled paper content.

65-87-74-4

E
N

July 11, 1995

Darling Jean, Happy Birthday to you, congratulations must be in order — we send a little something for you to enjoy on your special day, along with a photograph taken in our house a couple of years ago, which we came across in our collection recently, (most likely at Christmastime) — isn't it wonderful that we have these mementos of times past! We look forward to seeing you soon, and, in the meantime stay well, and enjoy yourself — Larry joins me in wishing you —

Many Happy Returns of the Day!

Love,

Elaine & Larry —

THE LITTLE GREY CAT

Colored woodcut by Elizabeth Norton. American, 1887–?

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Gift of the artist, 1928 (28.63.1)

(K) 11-08144-5

Copy

428 Monroe Street, Apt. #2 , Monterey, California 93940

May 14, 1994

Dear Sharon,

Enclosed please find final version of OUTBOUND # 14 .

I think that I took care of all your suggestions, and you will note a number of minor improvements of my own.

To my way of thinking, it is a slight memoir, but the fact that you like it makes me think that you may be willing to spend a few minutes reading it over. At most, it is something I wanted to say.

Hoping to see you soon,

Your grateful friend,

Jean

P.S. I received a lovely card of dogwood and azaelas from your mother. "Just resting," she said. I wouldn't mind living in Georgia .

OUTBOUND # 14

"I graduated from the University of Peking in 1930," said the elderly gentleman wearing a corduroy jacket and visored woolen cap and seated directly behind the driver of Monterey-Salinas Transit Bus #14. In a few minutes this bus would leave central Monterey and climb the hill toward the Monterey Presidio.

Usually, it was I who sat behind the driver, for from that perch I found it easier to descend the few steps to street level with my load of groceries.

Today, my fellow passenger had boarded first and was already conversing with a heavy set man dressed in black sweater and pants seated just opposite on the aisle. Leaning toward each other their knees touched, effectively blocking my exit. I rang the bell to signal a stop, and with hasty apologies a way was made for me to step down at my corner.

Since I had stopped driving some years previously, my enforced ridership had given me an opportunity to keep track of local events of which I would otherwise have been totally ignorant.

The communities of the Monterey Peninsula -- especially Pebble Beach and Carmel -- connote affluence and leisure. So, I wondered, who were all these "other people" (italics) endlessly coming and going -- in wheelchairs, on skateboards, limping, shouting, calling to each other, panhandling or laden with heavy back-packs, just looking for a place to rest in sun or shade.

Were these the"underclass" of a small western American city undergoing a temporary social decline, or was what I was seeing just another example of the desperate uneveness of life itself?

Across from the Transit Plaza and in front of the main entrance to a Safeway store, the "homeless" haunted the sidewalk. One or two knelt down to inhibit the passage of pedestrians laden with groceries,while others held signs proclaiming themselves veterans of the Vietnam War. Some certainly were. Besides these, there were the professionals for whom panhandling had become a way of life. Neither the Salvation Army nor white-coated Mexicans asking "Alms for the Homeless" appeared to be able to palliate this misery. Lately, all these "poor" have disappeared since passage of laws forbidding begging in doorways, bus stops etc. It is true that there are refuges both public and private -- notably the Salvation Army.

I met one rider on #14 who was perennially cheerful. Well past middle age and nearly blind, Sam was Sicilian and had plied his trade as Monterey fisherman for nearly half a century. His hair was greying under a white baseball cap while a small ruddy moustache made him look younger. He wore immaculate white pants, navy jacket and white shoes and carried a white cane with the bottom six inches painted a crimson red. With the aid of the latter

he stepped forward in an alert and sprightly manner.

Seated by chance next to each other on one of the orange painted benches at the Transit Plaza, we were both waiting for the departure of #14. Our conversation started with remarks about the weather. Since busses ran on fixed schedules and we had not arrived at the last minute, I soon made a point of broadening our talk to more substantive matters. After several such fortuitous encounters I discovered that after following the sea as a sardine fisherman, Sam had fought on the beaches of Anzio in world war II. Escaped with his life from that bloody episode , he had returned to Monterey to net the disappearing sardines. " There was danger here too," he said: "Fishing at night posed chances of collisions between seiners and their skiffs sent out to set the nets. Only the range lights on the masts of the larger boats illuminated their motherly positions." As a child growing up on the Carmel Highlands coast I had peered down through the pine forest at this twinkling drama.

The last time that Sam and I rode the bus together -- we had adjacent stops on Franklin Street -- he confided that he had spent the morning with the older fishermen on the waterfront. Most were Sicilians still using ancient fishing methods similar to his own including the employment of "dead reckoning" in order to navigate the coast. With the

entrance to Monterey Bay often shrouded in fog, it was the fishermen's sense of smell rather than use of instruments that guided them safely around Point Pinos. Indeed, they "smelled the shore" so accurately that they rarely hit the rocks. Furthermore, their success was assured because the military at the Monterey Presidio were mostly cavalry and there was no difficulty in identifying the odor of manure piled in several freight cars lined up on the old Southern Pacific Railway tracks awaiting transport to farther fields. My laughter at this information reached the bus driver who was seen to smile.

Sam is a Board member of the Blind and Visually Impaired Center of Monterey County. He calls me "Jean," I call him "Sam"; too difficult to remember last names.

Driver's personalities vary, reflecting the multi-cultural makeup of the area. Male or female, Black, White, Latino or of mixed blood -- they all wear the chocolate brown trousers or skirts and saffron yellow shirts that proclaim them trusted employees of the Transit Company.

They manage to drive at varying rates within the confines of a fixed schedule; negotiating corners with individual style. A number are fluent in more than one language. They usually carry a water-bottle for refreshment and spend an inordinate amount of time adjusting and cleaning

the main reflecting mirrors of any bus that is their temporary responsibility.

Disabled passengers and groups of handicapped young people who sometimes have speech impediments, are greeted with courtesy, understanding and even humour. Almost all drivers are pleased with a simple " thank you" and exchange remarks with regular riders whom they have come to know. On one occasion I saw a driver waiting to depart the Transit Plaza leave his bus momentarily to pick up a frightened child too heavy for the mother to carry.

During intervals between departures many drivers descend to the sidewalks and manage to hold conversations with each other, often indulging in unrestrained laughter.

One Sunday, while waiting for the early morning run of #14, I noticed that all the Plaza benches were empty except for one occupied by a nondescript individual wrapped in an enormous old blanket and shivering in despite of our self-luminous and heat giving star. I sat down on an adjoining bench separated only by a concrete pilaster from the man who was muttering to himself and occasionally breaking into peals of hysterical laughter. "How to get started?" I caught the words. He turned to me expectantly and despite a curious sympathy, I looked away toward the fountain where an isolated seagull was sipping fresh water.

Today, five of my new friends are sitting up front in the bus, and engaged in animated conversation. An African-American woman has set pearl combs in her hair, while the elderly gentleman who speaks Chinese has exchanged his old corduroy for a new grey tweed coat.

I was glad to be going home. I leaned comfortably against the rayon velvet covered seat and turned to look out the window just as # 14 crossed the corner of Alvarado Street. I was lucky to be in time to see a young man in a wheelchair being drawn across the road by a large grey Husky dog holding high his beautiful curved tail.

The End

Jean Kellogg Dickie

Getz

The brief visit left for both a desire to return some day. I shall so much hope for this as I am sure for world enjoy much of the country side and I should be so happy to be your guide!

With our good wishes for Christmas the New Year

Sincerely

Edith Clarke.

Dear Mr Clarke.

It was indeed a disappointment that we could not hunt Out even more I

賀 Season's Greetings

賀 С Новым Годом

新 Meilleurs Vœux

禧 Felices Fiestas

regret that your holiday should have been so sadly spoiled by your husband's illness. I do hope that for you some benefit before for both and that even

★ United Nations Headquarters, New York . . . design contributed by Arthur Getz of the United States of America to benefit UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund. ★ Le Siège de l'ONU à New York . . . composition offerte au Fonds des Nations Unies pour l'enfance par l'artiste américain Arthur Getz. ★ Sede de las Naciones Unidas, Nueva York . . . obra de Arthur Getz de los Estados Unidos de América. Contribución al UNICEF, el Fondo de las Naciones Unidas para la Infancia. ★ Центральные учреждения Организации Объединенных Наций в Нью-Йорке . . . художник Артур Гетц, Соединенные Штаты Америки. Подарок Детскому фонду Организации Объединенных Наций (ЮНИСЕФ). ★ 紐約聯合國會所 ... 美利堅合衆國阿瑟・葛次製贈聯合國兒童基金會。

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

HOLLOW HILLS FARM
ROUTE 2
CARMEL
CALIFORNIA

Sunday

My dear Miss Kellogg,

May I thank you and Mrs. Kellogg for receiving us on Saturday. It was a great blessing to know you better and to see and feel that wonderful portion of God's great Creation in which you have your being.

Gratefully Yours
Lanai Cooke

Sunday

Dear Jean, Kind and
thoughtful friend.

I miss you very much
and hope you are
feeling reasonably well.

It is beautiful here
now as lots of flowers
are in bloom and
everything is green.

I try to keep busy
reading, sewing etc.
Cooking

ave

Here is to
a Happy Birthday.
Wish I were there to
help you celebrate. - Marg

My son David works long hours, but is very thoughtful - so I try to be content.

Sharon was so thrilled with the George Sterling book - a truely thoughtful and generous gift.

I do hope a lot of luck will come to Sharon soon.

I always hoped your pictures we saw at the Knolls could be shared by others. They were so beautiful and exciting. Take care of yourself dear friend.

Love Margaret

One day I will be bringing you over to me for lunch and to see the garden.

Again, thank you, thank you.

I've just purchased a very good paper back edition of Jeffers — The Double Axe and other poems.

This is for my brother Martin.... ~~Keith~~ Note the poem "Pearl Harbour"

ever, warmly Flavia

August, 13th

Dear Jean,

what an experience with you on Thursday last - Poland - Poland Poland. I do want to re-read your mothers ~~boo~~ book. Queen Jadwiga. The repast was so old world and elegant..... champagne and chocolate confections.

WOLF (Canis lupus)

Wolves, with their haunting, harmonious howls, symbolize the wilderness like no other animal. These intelligent predators are shy of humans, but may be seen in remote areas of Alaska, Canada, the Northern U.S. and sometimes near the border of Arizona and Mexico. Wolves have successfully coexisted with their prey—grazing animals and rodents—for thousands of years, and serve an important role in maintaining healthy populations of ungulates, such as caribou.

Photography of KENNAN WARD

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Canada 1.40 U.S. 1.00 • WF-160

Michelle Jolly

Dear of Jenn -

Thank you for everything.

much love,

Pam

BASKET OF PANSIES 37-4

From an Original mouthpainted by M. JOLLY
Published by the Association of Handicapped Artists, Inc.

Litho in U.S.A. by Holling Press, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y. 3

RECYCLED